

The lamentable fall of Queene Elnor, vwho for her pride and vwickednesse, by Gods  
Judgment, fynke into the ground at Charing crofle, and rolyng agayne at Queene hue.  
To the tune of Gentle and Curteous.

WHEN Edward was in England King Deuis'd soone by pollicie  
the first of all that name:  
Proud Elnor he made his Queene,  
a stately Spanish dame.  
Whose wicked life and sinfull pride,  
through England did excell:  
To dauncie Dames and gallant Maides  
this Queene was knowne full well.

She was the first that did invent  
in Coaches bauie to ride:  
She was the first that brought this land  
the deadly sinne of pride.  
No English Taylors here could serue  
to make her rich attire:  
But sent for Taylors into Spaine,  
to frede her baine desire.

They brought in fashions strange and new  
with golden garments bight:  
The Fatchingales, and mighty Ruffes,  
with Gownes of rare delight.  
Dames in Spanish pride,  
very where,  
Le Women then,  
of haire.  
I made v wife,  
Spaine:  
vlos then,  
h despite,

english-men  
dresses clad, as bauie v see  
v spaniard then.

She crav'd the King that every man  
that wore long lockes of haire,  
Right then be cut and powled all,  
or bauen very neare.  
Whereas the King did seeme content,  
and soone thereto agreed:  
And first commannded that his owne,  
should then be cut with speed.

And after that to please his Queene,  
proclaymed through the land,  
That every man that wore long haire,  
should powle him out of hand.  
v this Spaniard not content,  
men be a spighe:  
v requested of the King  
all law and right:

v woman-kind should have,  
eall cut away:  
burning Irons sear'd,  
much and stay.  
then percelling well  
v women-kind,

to turne her bloody minde,  
He sent for burning Irons straight,  
all sparkling hot to see:

And sayd, O Queene, come on thy way  
I will begin with thee.  
Whiche wordes did much displease the  
that penance to begin: (Queene  
But aske him pardon on her kness,  
who gane her grace therin:

But afterward she chaunst to passe  
along bauie London strees:  
Whereas the Maioz of London's wife,  
in stately sorte she meetes.  
With musike, mirth, and melodye,  
vnto the Church that went:  
To gine God thanks that to L. Maioz  
a noble Sonne had sent.

It grieved much this spidefull Queene  
to see that any ons  
Should so excede in mirth and toy,  
except her selfe alone:  
For which she after did devise,  
within her bloody minde,  
And practise still most secretly  
to kill the Lady kinde.

Unto Lord Maioz of London then  
she sent her letters straight:  
To send his Lady to the Court,  
vpon her Grace to waight.  
But when the London Lady came,  
before proude Elnor's face:  
She stript her from her rich array,  
and kepe her vile and bace.

She sent her into Wales with spedde,  
and kepe her secret there:  
And vsde her still more crueler  
then ever man did heare:  
She made her wash, she made her startch,  
she made her dydge alway:  
She made her nurse vp chilidren small,  
and labour night and day.

But this contented not the Queene,  
but shew'd her more despight:  
She bound this Lady to a post  
at twelve a clocke at nyght:  
And as poore Lady she stood bound  
the Queene in angrie mood,  
Did set two snakes unto her breasts,  
that sucke away her blood.

Thus died the Maioz of London's wife  
most greevous for to heare: (proud  
vwhich made the Spaniard grow more

as after shall appear.  
The Wheare that dayly made her bren  
was boulded twentie times,  
The food that fed this stately Dame,  
was boylde in colly wens.

The water that did spynge from ground  
she would not touch at all,  
But walte her handes with dew of dea-  
that on sweete Roses fall: (wen,  
She bath'd her body many times,  
in fountaines fulde with milke,  
And every day did change attire,  
in costly median silke.

But comming then to London bache,  
within her Coach of golde:  
A tempestrange within the skies,  
this Queene did there behold.  
Out of which storme he could not goe,  
but therof remain'd a space,  
foure houres could not stirre her coach  
a foote out of that place.

A iudgement surely sent from heauen  
for he doing guiltie blode,  
Upon this sinfull Queene that slem.  
the London Lady good:  
King Edward then, as wisdome hau-  
acuse he for that deede:  
But he denied and wiste that God  
would send his wrath with spedde,

If that upon so vile a thing,  
her hart did euer think,  
She wiste the ground might open vnde,  
and therin he might sinke:  
With that at Charing crofle the sunke  
into the ground abie,  
And after rose with lyfe againe  
in London at Queene hue.

Where after that she languishe so long  
fullerentie dayes in paine:  
At last confess the Ladies blood,  
her guiltie handes did slaine,  
And likewise how that by a frysse  
she had a base boorne childe,  
Whose sinfull lust and wickednes  
her mariage bed deside.

Thus haue you heard the fall of pride,  
a just reward of sinne:  
For those that wil forswere cheselme  
Gods vengeance dayly winne.  
Beware of pride you London dames,  
both wifes and maidens all,  
Beare this imputned in your minde,  
that pride will haue a fall,  
FINIS.

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